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02x15 - Rage Against This Machine

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **05/17/02 11:42**

[We open in Babylon, with a comic-book theme. The screen breaks into squares as we watch mostly naked men. The right side of the screen shows boxes of Justin drawing. Justin and Michael are watching the one good dancer in a neon green Speedo, and are using him as a model for Justin's drawing. The bartender tries to put a bottle of water down on Justin's drawing.]

Michael: Wow, wow, it's too hot to be a coaster.

Justin: That's the magic of Ectasy. Everybody looks good.

Michael: He's practically a superhero. All he needs it's a spandex suit and he's ready to save the universe.

Justin: There. How's that?

Michael: He needs an insign on his chest.

Justin: A lightning ball?

Michael: An "E".

[Justin draws a cape and adds an "E" to the chest.]

Michael: And a mask, of course.

Justin: Of course. Oh, and a cape?

Michael: No, that's keeps him a so last century.He doesn't use his superpower, he's a super hero without one.

Justin: How about paralyzing with radiate from his dark smell bedroom?

Michael: Oh better yet, the deem materialize from the mega blast from his super shorts?

Brian: What are you girls all giggly about?

[He sees the drawing.]

Brian: OK, no more drugs for you.

Ted: How about another drink on me?

Brian: What's the occasion? You're one million wank?

Ted: Better. The nomination of the g*y porn award. With they recognize for his standing achievement. Not other than werkatworks very own Fetch Dixon.

Justin: You must tell Emmett. He will be so excited.

Brian: It's always great of fun when you recognize for your hard work.

Ted: He could better use it. I can't wait to read him this official letter. "Dear Mr.Schmidt. The Academy of Pornografic Art and Sciences is pleased to inform you..."

[Ted finishes reading the letter to Emmett, who is appropriately in mourning.]

Ted: "...that the Star of your pornsite, Fetch Dixon, has been nominated for the covered Crystal d*ck Award as Internet "Newcumer of the Year." Well? Isn't this fanastic?

[No reaction of Emmett. He lies on the sofa]

Emmett: Yeah, it's very nice.

Ted: "Nice"? Is not every day that someone get's nominated for a crystal d*ck. That's huge.

Emmett: Suppose.

Ted: OK, I tell you what. I hire a limo to drive us, OK? A really spectacular thing.

Emmett: Thanks Teddy, but I don't feel much like celebrating.

Ted: I know, but... it's the g*y porn award! You know, you owe it to yourself to get out and have fun.

Emmett: I don't know. Maybe if George were still here and enjoy that with me I consider this. Besides, I still had things to do. Like figure out what I say to his funeral.

Ted: You plan on speaking?

Emmett: Yeah. Everybody should know how wonderful he was. What we've shared. And more importently I still need to say goodbye. I don't really have the chance.

Ted: Well, then you should.

[Diner. Justin and Brian are playing footsie with a fork and a spoon when Michael walks in.]

Michael: [looking to Brian] You look like sh*t.

Brian: What about you?

'

Michael: E-Man saved me.

Justin: Jesus. You didn't keep that.

Michael: You're kidding. It's fan- f*cking tastic!

Justin: Must be the drugs talking.

Michael: No, it's me and it got me thinking.

Brian: That's always a dangerous sign.

Michael: Do you mind if I have a conversation with your boyfriend? [Justin raises his eyebrows] After they k*lled Captain Astro people coming in my comic book store and looking for a g*y superhero. You know, that take his place but it didn't exist. That's when he came to me. [to show Justin E-Man] Why waiting for someone else creating one when we can create him on ourselve?

Justin: You mean we creating our own comic book?

Michael: Why not?

Brian: OK, it's time for your medication.

Michael: People make their own films, they write books, and screenplays, so why is it so crazy?

Justin: For one thing I don't know about comics.

Michael: I do. It's my business. I've been reading comic books my entire life. I can over stories a million times. But I can't draw for sh*t. You can.

Justin: That could be gotta cool.

Michael: What do you say if we got together and brainstorms?

Justin: Yeah, I guess we could go a try.

Brian: Finally, you two boys will have something in common besides me. What a relief not to be the center of everyone's universe.

[Michael and Justin smile and shake their heads. Michael flies the coaster over to Justin and hits him in the head. Justin pretends to die.]

[Lindsay's leading Mel up to the attic, holding her hands around Mel's face so she can't see. Lindsay takes her hands off Mel's face.]

Lindsay: OK, open your eyes.

Mel: Wow, what I looking at?

Lindsay: My new studio. Or at least how I'm imaginated. See, I marked how everything should stand. See, the shelves.

Mel: Oh, is it the skyline?

Lindsay: It'll gives this place a nice area, don't you think?

Mel: I think it'll cost too much.

Leda: [from downstair] Hey, anybody's here?

Mel: In the attic!

Lindsay: The studiooooo! I know money is an issue. That's why I've done my research and priced all the materials.

Mel: What about the plumbers, electricians, carpenters, and skylight guys.

Leda: Wow! k*ller space.

Lindsay: It's gonna be my new studio.

Leda: Cool!

Mel: Led', you know reno. Can you prize this?

Leda: Well, if you use a contractor, my guesstimate it's been ten but by these days I say they always double your estimate.

Mel: [whistles] Too sizeable.

Leda: Unless of course I do it for you.

Lindsay: Oh, you can't possible ask that.

Leda: Who's asking? I offered.

Mel: Yeah, it still costs to much.

Leda: Beside I need a place to crush.

Mel: And we have a couch.

Leda: I have a roof over my head and in exchange you got your studio.

Mel: Well, it sounds like the perfect solution...

Lindsay: Except, as you know, our studio is a private, personal place. I like to be able to create by myself. So thank you for the offer, Leda, but no thanks.

Mel: When we're gonna start to accidentally losing fingers?

[Michael and Justin are trying to come up with the basic storyline for their superhero - in Brian's loft.]

Justin: How about this? A young scientist is doing an experiement when he bits by radiation...

Michael: ...radiation bug?

Justin: Yah.

Michael: That's Spider-Man.

Justin: Oh. [Pause] King of the seas. He breeths under water...

Michael: ...under water... That's Aquaman.

Justin: Uh! OK, I got it... he send to earth by his parents when he's just a baby, right before his planets explodes. When he gets here he discovered he has some Superpower.

Michael: You're kidding me?

Justin: You think something. You said you have a million great ideas.

Michael: Unfortunately they've all been thoughed of.

Justin: Well, maybe we should just forget it.

Michael: No, it'll come to us.

Justin: We've been sitting here for hours.

[Brian walks over to his treadmill.]

Michael: You can't rush a brilliant idea.

[They watch Brian start jogging on his treadmill.]

Michael: [looks to Brian] Well, whatever the guy is, he hasn't have to be the standard superhero stereotype case.

Justin: It's his mind that makes him sexy.

Michael: It's his weird individual.

Justin: That gives him courage.

Michael: His uncompromising moral.

Justin: That makes him strong!

Michael: What if this guy is a cold-hearted ad exec by day...

Justin: A defender of q*eers by night.

Michael: Now all we need is a name.

Justin: OK.

[Brian gets mad at his Walkman and throws it across the room]

Brian: f*ck this sh*t!

Michael: The Fury?

Justin: Pissed-Off Man.

[The film speeds up on Brian running.]

Michael: Rage.

Justin: It's genius!

[Michael writes the word "Rage" next to the drawing.]

[Emmett is wandering through George's mansion. Workers are taking statues and things out of the place.]

Butler: Mr.Honeycutt, please accept my most sincerious condolences.

Emmett: Thank you, Jonathan and mine to you. I can't image how George manage up there without you.

Butler: He's in far more capable hands now. I expect that you come to get your things.

Emmett: Actually I prefer to do this for myself. I'll be in his room a last time. And I was kind of hoping to take a little of something to remember him. His red cardigan...

Mrs.Schickle: Jonathan! Go get Mr. Schickle's sweater!

[The butler leaves to get the sweater.]

Emmett: I'm so sorry, Mrs.Schickle. I know losing George is a tremendious lost.

Mrs.Schickle: I don't know how I'll manage to fill the void. Careful with that! That's very valuable.

Emmett: I'm sure you find a way.

Mrs.Schickle: Now, if you'll excuse me. There are so much I have to do.

Emmett: I can imagine. I call when someone passed away my mom cooking for days.

Mrs.Schickle: Cooking?

Emmett: Well instead of making the funeral to a mourning occasion and tried to turned into a celebration of a beloved live. That's what I planed to do with George's services.

Mrs.Schickle: Oh that's very sweet, but really it's not necessary.

Emmett: It's necessary for me.

Mrs.Schickle: Unfortunately it won't be time. You see, George was a very important man. There will be many prominent speakers tomorrow. CEO's, political and spiritual leaders. Oh, here is the sweater you're requested. Take it, along with your memories. I'm sure they'll give you great comfort.

[Michael's shop is now filled with Justin's drawings.]

Justin: I want him a different look, like no-one's ever seen.

Michael: And different stories. You know, not that f*cking things in straight comics. Our guys are g*y. They live in a g*y world.

Justin: He has g*y sex.

Michael: And his superpower are to.

Justin: So, what kind of stories?

Michael: There was one story I'm thinking about but...

Justin: What?

Michael: Never mind.

Justin: C'mon, tell me! We're partners now. We gotta share what in our minds.

Michael: I was thinking that Rage save some other kid's life after his was bashed. [long pause] I told you that was a dumb idea. I never should have brought this up.

Justin: I think it's a great idea.

Michael: You do? [he nodds] I mean it's awfully personal.

Justin: But best art usually really is. Besides, I wanna talk about it. The trouble is no-one would ever listen. They all pretend it didn't happen.

Michael: Now, here is your chance.

Justin: And it could be how Rage meets the love of his live.

Michael: I though Rage didn't believe in love.

Justin: We'll let him think that.

[Brian is on his back, smoking in a blue light. Justin finally comes home late.]

Justin: You're up?

Brian: Well, again. And you're late. Touch after three.

Justin: It doesn't count. I was with Michael.

Brian: All f*cking night?

Justin: Only 5 minutes. And the stuff he came up was amazing. It's like we share the same brain.

Brian: You gotta mind if you has it on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. What's that?

Justin: This is research. Michael wants me to study the style of comics.

Brian: Come over here.

[Justin crawls into bed with Brian. They start kissing. The phone rings. Brian answers.]

Brian: What?!

Michael: Put Justin on. Quick!

Brian: It's f*cking four in the morning.

Michael: Creativity doesn't punch a time clock!

Brian: Oh, my God, that is so profound. Can you hold on while I write it down?

Justin: Are you a freak?

Michael: I just got this idea that couldn't wait for.

Justin: What? Tell me.

Michael: There is those chiropractor...

[Brian takes the phone and hangs up on Michael.]

Brian: Night Mikey.

Justin: That was important.

Brian: So is this.

[They go back to kissing. Justin turns over so that Brian can kiss down his back. Justin is snoring.]

[Mel and Lindz attic. A tv screen. There is a how-to videotape.]

TV: "I can't think of anything more rewarding and relaxing than renovating an old attic. And it's so simple. It just need a few tools and some well chosen materials. And in no time the empty space will do transformed into a cosing living area that sure to be one of your favourite places in the house. I know mine is. And most importantly it'll be [she snaps with her finger] a snap!"

[Brian comes in the attic, where Mel and Lindz looking at the TV screen.]

Brian: [points to tv] Who's this crazy b*tch?

Mel: It's a re-modeling video.

Lindsay: The salesperson at the hardware store said to follow along and doing exactly what she does.

Brian: Well then you already have f*cked up.

Mel: Why's that?

Brian: You don't wearing pearls.

TV: "Let's measure our wood lengthwise."

Brian: Excuse me, girls. That's the wrong way.

Mel: What do you know?

Brian: When it comes to measuring woods I'm an expert.

[The girls turn the wood the other way and measure again.]

Lindsay: See how easy this is? I told you we don't need Leda.

Brian: Do I detect a note of jealously?

Lindsay: Of Leda? [she's laughing.] Don't be ridiculous.

Brian: Then why the f*ck you don't help you out?

Mel: That's what I like to know.

Lindsay: I already told you. We could do it on ourselves.

[The lady on the screen cuts plywood with a powersaw.]

TV: "There. See how easy the plywood cuts? A nice, clean egde. And never sort of wood to waste. I collect all the part in a store in the freezer. In the spring I mixed with fresh soil and have interesting and in expensive march for my garden."

[Lindsay puts on her protective goggles and turns on the saw. She screams as the saw comes to life. She almost cuts Mel in half.]

Brian: [shouts] What kind of a d*ke are you? You can't even handle power tools.

Lindsay: Go away and looking for Gus!

Mel: You still has your legs.

[The girl on the screen delivers the punch line.]

TV: "It's a snap!"

[George's service. A gentleman says nice things about George.]

Speaksmen: George loved his city, he loved his company but most of all he loved his family. I reminded of a story that he and his devoted wife, Virginia, wants relate to me. One day came Franky from school to learn of the hungry children, victoms of an earthquike in south america.

[Ted and Emmett are very, very late for the service and walk in talking.]

Ted: [whispers] This is some event. Everybody of everybody's are here.

Emmett: I do what I need to do. More reason I'm glad I came.

Ted: Let's find a seat.

Speaksmen: A family man who carry about familes, that what's George Schickle was all about. I for one will miss him deeply.

[The Pastor speaks.]

Pastor: It's obvious that this man not only broughed nurseband to the world...

Ted: Go on. Now it's your chance. Just do it.

[Emmett stands up and starts walking toward the front.]

Emmett: I like to say something.

[Mrs. Pickle motions for Security, and guards escort Emmett out.]

Security: Sorry, sir. There is friends and family only.

Emmett: I'm a friend. I'm more than a friend!

Ted: Take your hands off of him!

Minister: Would everybody raise for the 24 Psalm?
[Brian comes home and his loft in a complete shithouse mess. Michael and Justin have turned the house into a comic-book studio. There are papers everywhere -- hung up on clothesline, covering the floor, taped to the walls... everywhere.]

Michael: [to Justin] Perfect. This looks just...

Brian: Excuse me? Has anybody seen my f*cking floor?

Justin: Uh-uh, don't get him mad.

Michael: He'll use his telecinetic dead stare that my head exploded.

Justin: Don't miss use our power to control the other.

Brian: What I want is my loft. [he rips down one of the papers.]

Michael: Don't touch that!

Justin: Hey, this is our sequence. Don't walk that way.

Brian: Well, how the hell I'm suppose to get to my bedroom?

Michael: Go around.

Brian: Uh-huh. [He doesn't]

Michael: Hey!

[The boys go back to planning their comic book. Michael's character's name is Zephyr.]

Justin: Look, here is were Zephyr tries to stop Rage from using his head buds.

Michael: You think Zephier could be taller, with bigger pecs.

Justin: What for?

Michael: Well, he's Rage's best friend. He should look almost as good.

Justin: You've got it, Zeph.

Brian: You know, speaking of pecs. It's Chest of Death night at Babylon.

Michael: Mmmh-mmm.

Justin: Okay.

Brian: So, get ready.

Justin: We got finished that first.

Michael: We meet you there.

Brian: Just remember, all work and no d*ck make Mikey and Sunshine dull boys.

[Chest of Death contest.]

Men: OK, we're down to our six finalists. Who's the man with the hottest pecs in Pittsburgh? Uh honey. Are this n*pples or bathstops tappers?

[All laughs.]

Men: All right boys. C'mon, let's pick the one.

[All cheers. The camera spins over to Ted and Emmett.]

Emmett: To be thrown out like so much garbage.

Ted: I know, I was there.

Emmett: But those two, huge, brutal monsters!

Ted: In other circumstances, it might've been hot.

Emmett: I guess I'm never get to say my speech now.

Ted: Say it to me. I'll listen.

Emmett: Thanks Teddy. Wouldn't be the same.

[Cut to Ben and Brian stand on the catwalk.]

Ben: Something tells me we've been stood up.

Brian: Over a comic book.

Ben: More than just a comic book. There's nothing as sexual as the act of creation. When I'm writing and it's poring out of me that's what I'm really turned-on. Sometimes I even get hard on.

Brian: Is this what they mean with a stroke of genius?

Ben: It's the f*cking great orgasm what is.

Brian: You're have your orgasms on books and I have mine with real men.

Men: [on stage] Number five. Do you have anything you like to get off your chest? How about me?

[the men are laughs and cheers]

Ben: It's the same with Michael and Justin. What they sharing is most intense form of intimacy there is. Nothing. Not even the hottest f*ck in the world can come close. So, how's with another drink? Our boyfriends are cheating us.

[The attic for the girls.]

Lindsay: See? I told you we could do it.

Mel: Yeah, we did it alright - some as.

[It looks like maybe pieces of wood are just nailed to the walls in various places.]

Lindsay: It's not so bad. After we plaster over to fix the few little imperfections won't even show.

[She turns the videotape back on. It's time to install the new sink.]

TV: "In starring your new place to be, a snap."

Mel: Everything with this b*tch is a snap.

TV: "We're already attached it to the wall and it only took 20 minutes."

Mel: Just seven hours and twenty minutes now."

[Lindsay gets into position to set up the sink.]

TV: "Let's conntect the sink to our pipes. Take your wrench and with a strong, circular motion twin the end of the pipe. Like so."

Lindsay: Oh, can you help me out here?

TV: "Now we attached our pipe - it's up next."

[She causes a giant leak. Water sprays everywhere as the girls shriek and bicker with each other.]

TV: "Be sure you turned off the water first or you have a disaster on your hands."

Mel: Has you turn off the water?

TV: "There! Now you have running water in your attic."

[Brian has brought home two horny men to f*ck. They all hug and kiss in the doorway.]

Brian: We're have our little contest of our own. Careful, don't step on anything... it's all in sequence. [he walks over to his bedroom singing] Rise and shine, Sunshine!

[He sees Justin and Michael in his bed, fully clothed, Michael's left pinky threatening to come near Justin's thigh.]

Brian: sh*t.

[He goes back into the main room and kicks out his two tricks.]

Brian: The party's over. Put your clothes on! Just get out, ok? GET OUT! GO!

[Brian starts cussing, pulling the drawings down from the clothesline. He kicks papers. He pulls the drawings down and crumples them. He walks around destroying all of the drawings. Brian stops to pant for a second, then unzips his pants and pisses a neon yellow stream of urine all over a pile of drawings.]

[Morning. Michael and Justin are snuggling in bed. They put their hands down to Justin's c*ck. Each thought the other was his boyfriend. Michael and Justin realize they fell asleep together.]

Justin: What the f*ck...?

Michael: I thoughed we were Ben.

Justin: I thoughed you are Brian.

Michael: I guess we're fall asleep.

Justin: Brian? Michael?

[Justin sees the damage first. Their stuff's been trashed. They are unhappy.]

Michael: Holy sh*t.

[Brian stares into his cup of black coffee. He's at the diner. Justin and Michael storm in, pissed off.]

Michael: Did you do this?

[Michael asks as he holds up a piece of paper.]

Justin: Did you?

Michael: Answer us!

[He says nothing.]

Justin: You are totally f*cked.

Michael: How dare you piss on our work?

[Debbie hears the word "piss".]

Justin: Did you have any idea how many hours that we put into that?

Michael: We want an explanation.

Justin: Besides the fact that you've been the worlds biggest prick!

[Brian says nothing and goes back to his paper.]

Michael: Won't just sit there!

Justin: Say something.

Michael: C'mon. Let's go. One last thing. [he pushes the pee page over to Brian.] You're the one that's pathetic.

[This time the boys really do leave. Debbie walks over with a pot of coffee, wearing a shirt that reads "Labia? I hardly even know ya." She slams the pot down beside Brian.]

Brian: Give me a minute between rounds then and then you can go.

Debbie: Article fourteen of the Supermom handbook says no kicking assholes when they're down. They might take away my halo.

Brian: I'm not an as*h*le; I'm just drawn that way.

Debbie: I'm sorry to disagree with you but this time the lightness were over...

Brian: I thoughed you won't beat me up.

Debbie: Let me finish. But I understand. Cause you're jealous.

Brian: I don't do jealous. Jealous is for lesbians.

Debbie: Then you'd better start liking p*ssy. Cause you're got a little green-eyed monster inside you and it's eaten your gut.

Brian: You mean that's not your coffee?

Debbie: I figured you had some smart idea that you feeling always. But you don't fool me. Cause if you didn't love them as much as you do you wouldn't give a sh*t that they're spending time together and sharing something you're not a part of.

[Debbie yanks Brian's face over to force him to look at her.]

Debbie: What you don't get is that they feel the same way about you. Even more so.

[Debbie holds the pee paper up.]

Debbie: They worship the way you've walked on, can't you see it? You're their f*cking hero. At least you were.

[Emmett's eating from a jar of his dead boyfriend's pickles.]

Ted: It's the Night of Nights. What everyone in these industrie counts and waited for all year. When the Granada Inn is transformed into an X-rated Xanadu. Then after the ceremonies there is the Governor's Ball. Every porn star were be there in person. Zack O'Toole, Rodger Morehead, Will Hardin. Only this this time you're one of them, Emmett. The possible newcomer of the year.

Emmett: Pickle?

Ted: You heard what I just said?

Emmett: You know, when I put George's sweat on I feel if his arms are still around me. His smells is on it. The delicate combination of vanilla and dill.

Ted: Emmett! George wouldn't be a hermit.

Emmett: He was one... for years. Now I understand why.

Ted: Listen to me. If you let those people get your pride they've won. It's more important ever that you get out and celebrate.

Emmett: Celebrate what? That I whacked off on a website?

Ted: You made a lot of people happy. Especially George.

Emmett: Sorry, Teddy.

Ted: OK, this is my last and my best plea. I let you win. I accept your Crystal d*ck. I tell the world how proud I am of you.

[Woody's. Justin and Michael are out having drinks.]

Justin: f*cking as*h*le ruined everything.

Michael: At least we backed everything up on your hard drive or else we'd really be f*cked.

Justin: You all we do is to reprint and undercover a hundred dollar would that be cost.

Michael: I send Brian the bill. You know how hard he can get when he's behavior.

Justin: But we're doin' a comic book!

Michael: Well, we did kinda exclude him.

Justin: We were working.

Michael: In his place, in his face. Last night we've been end in bed.

Justin: It's not that we're f*cking.

Michael: I guess even a superhero can morph into a jerk.

Justin: Don't tell me you're forgive him.

Michael: Who said that?

Justin: I know you're functional history, you can forgive him everything.

Michael: Well you're be happy to know even if I glad to punishment everything is filled.

Justin: All this time I fooling myself, thinking he loves me.

Michael: He does love. You saw his face this morning. We could have removed his teeth with pliers and he would have let us.

Justin: Maybe we should have. He deserves it.

Michael: Well we're know that Rage has a fatal weakness, and it's not kryptonite.

[Porn awards. Two porn stars deliver bad writing stiltedly.]

Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome last year "Best Bottom in a g*ng Bang" and three time nominate for the best "Jerk-Off So Long" Mike Thompson and Jason c*ck!"

Mike: Well Jas, three times nominate for best Jerk-Off. You're up with this?

Jason: I'm up with you, buff. Maybe this time I pulled it off.

Mike: Don't pull that, you'll never win.

Jason: Now, let's get the nominate.

Mike: Nominate for the "Best Newcomer Of The Year"...

Jason: Max Pullman.

Mike: Harold Linch.

Jason: Fetch Dixon.

Mike: The jury harm. The winner is...

Both: Fetch Dixon.

[All cheers. Ted screams for joy. On stage.]

Ted: All those years watching Jason c*ck, I can't believe I shake his hand. The hand! Oh my god. To be holding that Crystal d*ck... such a thrill. No, I'm not Fetch Dixon. Well I'm here accepting for him tonight, because...

[Emmett walkes up.]

Emmett: Because... [the audience cheers] Because without you, Ted Schmidt, I would never be here tonight.

[Applauds]

Emmett: Thank you. This award means a lot to me, more than you ever know. If I hadn't been on JerkAtWork.net, I wouldn't have met the most wonderful man I've ever known, George Schickle.

Men: Schickle's Pickles?

Emmett: Um, I have this speech prepared... didn't think I get the chance to read it. To the world - George Schickle was a men of permanence and wealth. But to me he was just... George. Loving, factionate, a boy at hard who just wanted to love another boy. I was lucky enough to be that boy. I'd like to think I brought a little fun into his life, but what he gave me was so much more. Something all his money couldn't buy. He made me feel like I was somebody. [He folds up the paper] I love you, Georgie. What we had for a few short months was more than most people have in a lifetime. Thank you.

[The crowd applauds as Ted comes up and hugs Emmett.]

[Mel and Linds. Leda unpacks her clothes.]

Leda: I'm glad you two came finally to your senses. If you made any more of a mess, I have to detonate instead of renovate.

Mel: Aha.

Lindsay: Ha-ha.

Mel: We know, we know. We're really screwed up.

Leda: Big time, babe. But it's not to late.

Lindsay: So, how long do you think it'll would take to repair the damage?

Leda: All depends on the triangle of expectation. You can have it fast and cheap but it won't be good. If you have it good and fast but that won't be cheap. Or you can have it cheap and good but it won't be fast.

Mel: So with another words it'll take 'till the next months.

Lindsay: Or Christmas, whatever comes first.

Leda: But not to woory, ladies. You won't even know I'm here.

[She turns on a boombox. Mel holds up a baby monitor.]

Mel: Oh. Well, goodnight Led's.

Leda: Good night.

Lindsay: I'll be right up. [Mel leave the room.] I just wanna say how grateful I am your doin' this. And how happy I am you're here.

Leda: You and me both. Otherwise I would be sleeping in the park.

Lindsay: But I must admit I had my reservations.

Leda: I know. But you don't have nothing to worry about. Mel loves you very much.

Lindsay: Thanks.

[Michael and Justin come home to the loft. All of their papers are back up and arranged, or reprinted.]

Justin: What the f*ck?

Michael: All things back.

Brian: Careful boys. Don't step on anything.

Michael: Alright Kinney, what's goin' on?

Brian: I read your sh*t it's... f*cking good. And the artwork is... art. But that's the way I expect it.

Justin: Don't try sweet-talk to accomplish that, bighead.

Michael: Don't think just by putting everything back the way we're gonna forget.

Justin: You owe us a apology.

Michael: So start begging.

Brian: I'm sorry.

Justin: That's not good enough.

Brian: What the f*ck do you want me to do? To grab it?

Michael: Mean it!

Brian: What I did was immature, childish, and addictive. It was an act of cruelty because of irrational fears and unfounded jealousy. If I were you I've never speak to me again.

Justin: That's better.

Michael: It's really good. So why you prefer when you were shameless and unapologetic?

Brian: Now, here's the deal. Finish your work, built on my chin on a superhero for Christ sakes! And when you're done I built up a marketing campaign that every f*g on internet would buy it. That if is you want me to.

[Michael and Justin are look each other.]

Michael: Deal.

Justin: Deal.

[Brian jams his shoulder into Justin's chest and they share a smile. The boys sit down as Brian stares at a drawing of Rage. He listens to the boys work, and stares at himself. Cut to a comic-book animation of Rage flying through Pittsburgh. He lands on top of Babylon.]

END OF EPISODE

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